

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO 9

MAJOR



10¢

FEAR

FEATURING



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE GRYPT-KEEPER



Illustrated by

OBJECTIONABLE 1950s EC COMICS

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 9
NOV

FEAR[®]



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275
CANADA

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



ELDSTEIN

BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



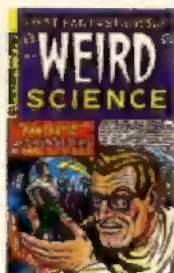
CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



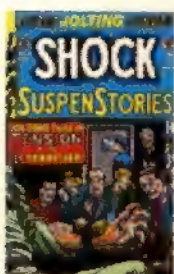
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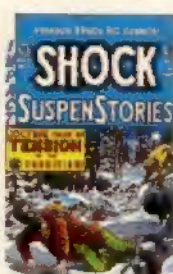
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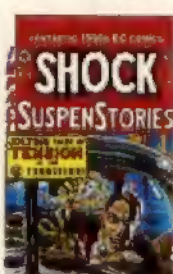
SHOCK #1



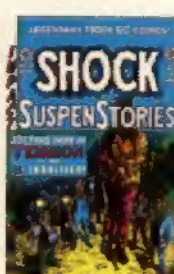
SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! GREETINGS, FEAR FANS! IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOUR FRIGHTENED FACES AGAIN! WHAT ARE YOU SO PALE ABOUT? I HAVEN'T EVEN *BEGUN* YET! COME IN! IT'S *ME*... THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER OF MY TASTY TERROR-TALES THAT I COOK UP IN MY CAULDRON? GOOD! THEN I'LL NOT KEEP YOU DROOLING! I CALL THIS HORROR-HELPING...

WARTS SO HORRIBLE?



MY STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING IN A SMALL TOWN THAT LIES PEACEFULLY NEAR THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER! IN HIS BEDROOM, OLD MISERLY TITUS CRANBERRY RAISES HIS HEAD AS TWO SEEDY LOOKING, POORLY DRESSED YOUNG MEN ENTER...

AFTERNOON, UNCLE TITUS!

HOW'RE YOU FEELIN' TODAY, UNCLE TITUS?

HMMMPH! SO IT'S YOU TWO! CAN'T WAIT FOR ME TO DIE, EH? GOT TO COME AROUND AND HELP...

OLD TITUS GLARES AT HIS TWO NEPHEWS...



ALL YOU TWO ARE INTERESTED IN IS MY MONEY!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, UNCLE TITUS!

WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

WORRIED YOU MIGHT NOT GET ANY OF IT, EN? WELL, YOU CAN STOP WORRYIN', 'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT!



WHA...?

BUT...

NOW GET OUT! GET OUT AND LET ME DIE IN PEACE!

C'MON, LEM! YEAH, HANK!



AS HANK AND LEM CRANBERRY, OLD TITUS' NEPHEWS AND ONLY HEIRS, LEAVE THE SICK WISER'S BEDROOM, WE SHOOT ACROSS TOWN TO A BACKYARD WHERE TWO BOYS ARE TALKING...

DON'T SCRATCH 'EM, RUDY! THEY'LL ONLY GET WORSE!

I CAN'T HELP IT, CHUCK! THESE WARTS ITCH! I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY OF GETTIN' RID OF 'EM!

CHUCK...THE FORTUNATE YOUNGSTER WITHOUT THE TROUBLESOME SKIN IRRITATIONS...WHISPERS NICK-EYED TO RUDY...

I'LL BET THE HERMIT KNOWS HOW TO CURE WARTS!

THE HERMIT! GEE! I'D BE SCARED TO ASK HIM!



WHY? HE AIN'T SO BAD! I'LL BET ALL THOSE THINGS WE HEAR ABOUT HIM ARE JUST A PACK OF LIES!

YOU THINK SO, CHUCK? GEE! THESE WARTS SURE ITCH! DO YOU...REALLY THINK THE HERMIT MIGHT KNOW A WAY...

C'MON, RUDY! WE'LL GO SEE HIM! WHADAYA GOT TO LOSE, HUH?

YEAH! WHAT'VE I GOT TO LOSE...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN HIS BEDROOM, OLD TITUS GRANBERRY GREET'S A NEW ARRIVAL... HIS LIFE-LONG LEGAL ADVISOR...

COME CLOSER, SIDNEY! I CAN'T TALK TOO LOUD! I...I'M DYIN', SID! I AIN'T GOT MUCH LONGER...

NONSENSE, TITUS! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF YEARS AHEAD OF YOU! WHY, IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS...

IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, I'LL BE DEAD! AND THOSE TWO NO-GOOD NEPHEWS OF MINE WILL INHERIT MY MONEY...MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! ALMOST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WELL, TITUS! THEY'RE YOUR LEGAL HEIRS!

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET IT, UNDERSTAND? NOT ONE RED CENT! I'LL HAVE MY MONEY BURIED WITH ME...

YOU CAN'T DO THAT, TITUS! THAT'D BE AGAINST THE LAW...

THEN I'LL BUY SOMETHIN' WITH THE MONEY! A RING! THEY CAN'T STOP ME FROM BEIN' BURIED WITH MY RING. CAN THEY?

NO! I GUESS NOT...

TITUS PAINFULLY TURNS OVER AND DRAWS A TIN BOX FROM BENEATH HIS PILLOW...

HERE, SIDNEY! HERE'S ALL MY MONEY! BUY A DIAMOND RING FOR ME! SPEND EVERY DOLLAR ON IT!

THIS IS FOOLISHNESS, TITUS...

SOMEONE WILL ROB YOUR GRAVE AND STEAL THE RING...

LET 'EM TRY! JUST LET 'EM TRY!

OUTSIDE OLD TITUS' BEDROOM, HANK AND GLEM ARE EAVESDROPPING...

DID YOU HEAR THAT, GLEM? THE DIRTY OLD SKINFLINT!

DON'T WORRY, HANK! SIDNEY JUST TIPPED US HOW TO GET WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY OURS!

MEANWHILE, FAR ACROSS THE QUIET TOWN, RUDY AND CHUCK ARE APPROACHING THE RAMSHACKLE HOME OF THE RECLUSE THAT THE TOWNSFOLK CALL "THE HERMIT..."

I... I'M SCARED, CHUCK!
C'MON! REMEMBER YOUR WARTS!



BEHIND THE UNKEMPT HAIR AND DIRTY BEARD, THE RECLUSE'S FACE LIGHTS UP...

WARTS, EH? AND YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU HOW TO GET RID OF 'EM, EH?

Y...Y...YES, SIR!
IF... YOU CAN, SIR!



IN ANSWER TO THEIR TIMID KNOCKS, THE BATTERED OLD DOOR CREAKS OPEN BEFORE THE BOYS AND A HAIRY HEAD PEERS OUT...

EH? WHAT DO YOU BOYS WANT?

P.P. PLEASE, MISTER HERM... I MEAN... SIR! MY FRIEND HERE HAS GOT WARTS... SOME-THIN' AWFUL!

WE... WE WAS WONDERIN'...



THE HAIRY FIGURE STEPS BACK, MOTIONING THE BOYS TO ENTER THE DARK INTERIOR OF HIS SHABBY HUT! THEN HE CLOSES THE DOOR AND SITS DOWN! THE YOUNGSTERS EYE HIM UNCOMFORTABLY...

FIRST, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AN OLD EMPTY VINEGAR BOTTLE! THEN YOU MUST FILL IT WITH GRAVEYARD STUMP-WATER...



THEN YOU MUST TAKE THE BOTTLE FULL OF STUMP-WATER AND STAND OVER A FRESH GRAVE...



...HOLD THE HAND WITH THE WARTS OVER THE GRAVE-STONE AND POUR THE STUMP-WATER ON THE HAND SO THAT THE WATER RUNS DOWN THE HEAD-STONE INTO THE SOFT GRAVE SOIL!

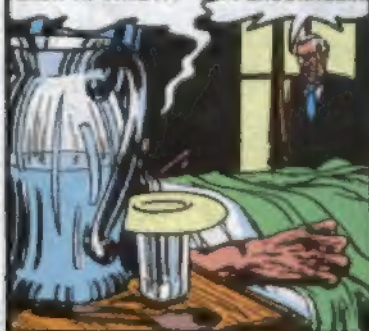


ALL THIS MUST BE DONE AT MIDNIGHT UNDER A FULL MOON! AND IF YOU SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE... DON'T BE A-FEARED! MANY WEIRD THINGS 'PEAR TO HAPPEN WHE CASTIN' THE WITCHERY OF WART-REMOVIN'!



BACK ACROSS TOWN, TITUS RAISES HIS HEAD WEAKLY AS SIDNEY DAVIDSON ENTERS THE BEDROOM...

ON...GASP...SIDNEY! I'VE GOT
THANK GOODNESS... THE RING,
GASP...YOU GOT TITUS!
BACK IN TIME... PERSONALLY...



NEVER MIND! NEVER
MIND! GIVE IT TO ME...
GASP... QUICKLY!

HERE
YOU
ARE!



BEAUTIFUL! SEE...GASP... YES,
HOW IT SPARKLES! NOW... TITUS!
GASP... REMEMBER, I UNDER-
SIDNEY! I AM...GASP... STAND!
TO BE BURIED WITH I UNDER-
THIS RING! ON THE STAND!
TABLE... IS A WRITTEN TO BE
REQUEST...GASP...TO BURIED
THAT EFFECT...



MEANWHILE CHUCK AND RUDY LEAVE THE RECLUSE'S SHACK...

SEE, CHUCK! THE GRAVEYARD
AT MIDNIGHT... WITH A FULL
MOON!

DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE AFRAID?
OKAY... THEY'RE
YOUR WARTS...



THAT NIGHT, AN ALMOST FULL MOON SHINES THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW OF OLD TITUS CRANBERRY AS...

UNCLE TITUS!
UNCLE TITUS!

DON'T BOTHER, BOYS! HE
CAN'T HEAR YOU! HE'S
DEAD!



THE NEXT DAY OLD TITUS CRANBERRY IS BURIED IN THE TOWN CEMETERY! ONLY THREE MEN COME TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS... CLEM AND HANK, HIS TWO NEPHEWS... AND SIDNEY, HIS LIFE-LONG LEGAL ADVISOR...



AND AS THE COFFIN IS BEING LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING GRAVE... FAR ACROSS TOWN, TWO BOYS MAKE PLANS...

THERE'LL BE A FULL MOON
TONIGHT! LOOK! SEE? THE
PAPER SAYS SO!

THEN I'LL
MEET YOU... AT
ELEVEN-THIRTY...
BY THE CEMETERY,
AND DON'T FOR-
GET AN EMPTY
VINEGAR BOTTLE!



THAT NIGHT, AT ELEVEN FORTY-FIVE, TWO SMALL SHADOWY FIGURES PUSH OPEN THE RUSTY SQUEAKING GATE OF THE CEMETERY! ONE OF THEM CARRIES AN EMPTY BOTTLE...



L...L...LISTEN... CH-CHUCK!
MY WARTS HAVEN'T BEEN...
I-ITCHIN' ME... L-L-LATELY!

C'MON! IT'S TOO
LATE TO TURN
BACK NOW!

SILENTLY THE TWO BOYS MOVE ACROSS THE SOFT SOIL BETWEEN THE TOMBSTONES...



L-L-LOOK! THERE'S
A STUMP!

AN' IT'S
G-GOT WATER
IN IT... TOO!

ONE OF THE BOYS BENDS AND FILLS THE EMPTY VINEGAR BOTTLE WITH THE FOUL-SMELLING, STAGNANT STUMP-WATER...



PHEE-YOO!

SH- H-H-H!

N-NOW WE GOT TO... THEY
FIND A F-FRESH
GRAVE!



G-BURIED
OLD MISTER
CRANBERRY
TODAY! L-LET'S
LOOK FOR N-N-
HIS GRAVE!

SOON, THE BOYS REACH THE SOFT BARE MOUND, VOID OF GRASS, THAT SIGNIFIES A FRESH GRAVE...



IS TH-THIS IT?

W-W-WAIT! I'LL
STRIKE A MATCH
AN' MAKE SH-SH-
SURE!

THE GLOW OF THE MATCH LIGHTS UP THE NEWLY-CUT HEADSTONE...



TITUS CRANBERRY!
TH...THIS IS IT!

LISTEN...

DRIFTING ACROSS THE STILL NIGHT AIR COMES THE SOUND OF CHIMES...THE TOWN CLOCK TOLLING THE HOUR OF...



MIDNIGHT!

GO AHEAD! HOLD YOUR
HAND OVER THE GRAVE-
STONE AND POUR...

THE STENCH OF THE STAGNANT STUMP-WATER BURNS THE BOYS' NOSTRILS AS RUDY POURS IT OUT ONTO HIS WART-AFFLICTED HAND! AS THE LAST DROPS RUN OFF ONTO THE GRAVESTONE AND DOWN INTO THE SOFT EARTH...

THE TERRIFIED YOUNGSTERS STARE IN HORROR AS THE DANCING, FLICKERING GLOW OF LIGHT BOBS AMONG THE GRAVESTONES...



THERE! IT'S DONE!

G-CRIPES! LOOK!

IT'S C-C-COMING TOWARD US!

L-LET'S HIDE!

PARALYZED WITH FEAR, CHUCK AND RUDY CROUCH BEHIND A GRAVESTONE AS THE LIGHT NEARS! SOON THEY SEE IT IS JUST A LANTERN...

WHILE ONE MAN SETS THE LANTERN DOWN NEXT TO TITUS CRANBERRY'S GRAVE, THE OTHER BEGINS TO DIG...



HEY! IT'S A COUPLE OF MEN! ONE'S GOT A SHOVEL!

SH-H-H-H! MAYBE THEY'RE GHOSTS!

GEE! THEY'RE DIGGIN' UP OLD CRANBERRY...

I... I'M SCARED!

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, SCARCELY MOVING FOR FEAR OF BEING SEEN, THE FRIGHTENED BOYS HEAR A HOLLOW BOOM...

THEN A PAINFUL, CREAKING SOUND...

THEY'RE PRYING IT OPEN... MAYBE... IF WE RUN NOW...

THEY... THEY'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN...

GOLLY!

SUDDENLY, A SHRILL SCREAM SHATTERS THE SILENT BLACKNESS AROUND THEM...

AAAAAAAAAAAAA!



THEN ANOTHER...

EEEEEEEEEE!

SOMETHIN'S
GOT THOSE
TWO GUYS...

COME
ON!
LET'S
GO!

SUDDENLY A FACE APPEARS OVER THE EDGE OF THE GRAVE. ITS CHALK-WHITE SKIN LIT BY THE LANTERN...

L-L-LOOK!

T-TITUS
GRAN-
BERRY!

A WAXEN HAND REACHES OUT OF THE BLACK PIT AND BEGINS SCOOPING THE SOIL BACK INTO THE GRAVE, WHILE THE MUFFLED SCREAMS OF THE TWO MEN GROW WEAKER AND WEAKER...

UNTIL SILENCE ONCE AGAIN FALLS OVER THE CEMETERY

TH-THE GRAVE'S
ALL COVERED OVER
AGAIN...

G'MON! LET'S
GET OUTTA
HERE!

THE BOYS SCRAMBLE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE AND DART ACROSS THE MOUNDS... BETWEEN HEAD-STONES... TOWARD THE RUSTY GATE...

BOY! THE HERMIT
WAS RIGHT! WE
CERTAINLY DID SEE
SOME STRANGE
THINGS!

YEAH...
HEY!

GEE. WHAT WE
SAW TONIGHT DIDN'T
REALLY HAPPEN,
DID IT? IT WAS
ALL PART OF
THE WITCHERY.
WASN'T IT?

WITCHERY,
NOTHIN'.
LOOK! AFTER
ALL THE TROUBLE
WE WENT TO, I STILL
GOT MY WARTS!

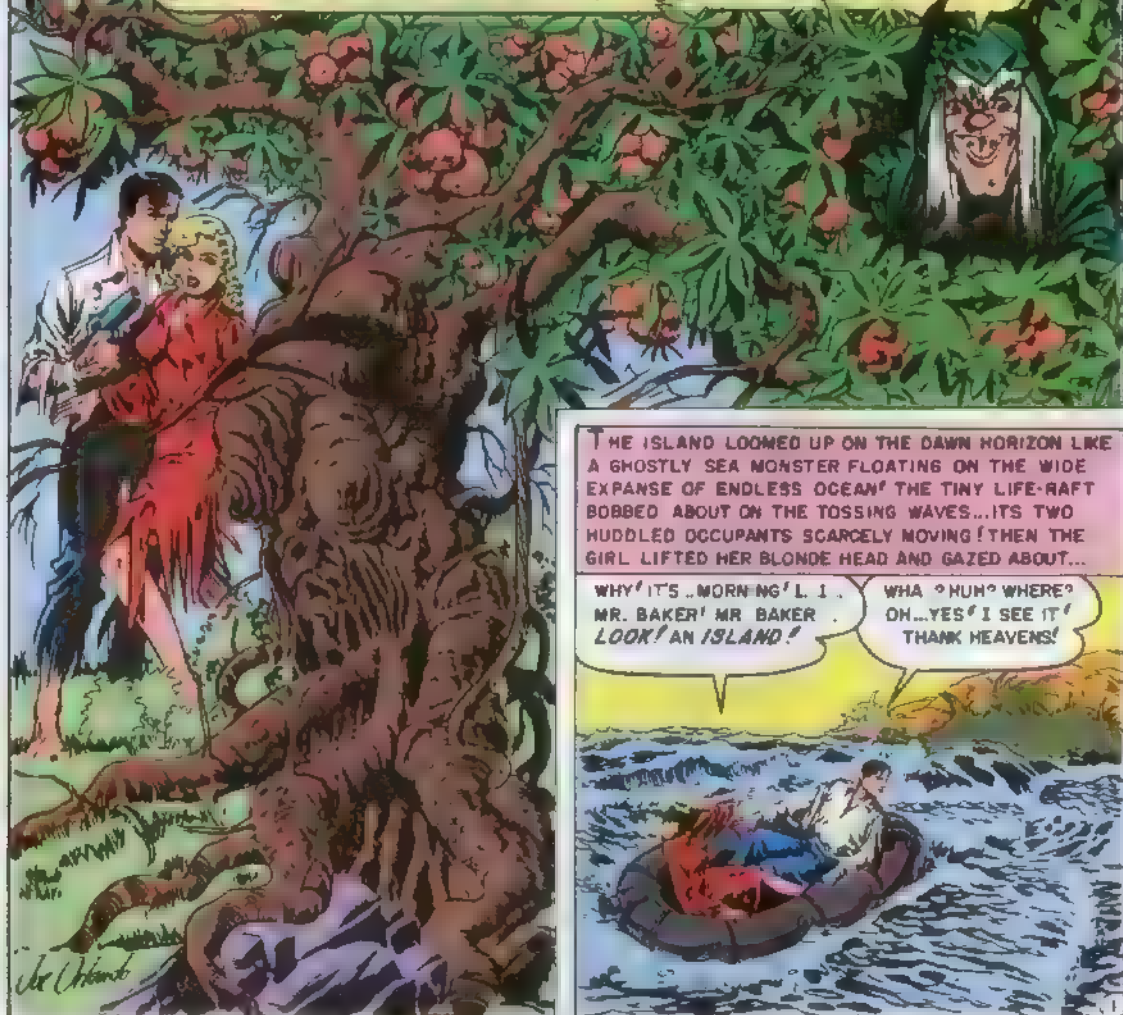
HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S IT, KIDDIES!
OF COURSE THE TWO MEN WHO
TRIED TO DIG UP OLD TITUS'
GRAVE WERE HANK AND GLEN!
NOW, THEY'RE IN IT! IT WOULDN'T
HAVE DONE 'EM MUCH GOOD IF
THEY HAD MANAGED TO STEAL
THE RING, THOUGH! IT'S JUST
PASTE! YOU KNOW HOW TRUST-
WORTHY LEGAL ADVISORS ARE!
WELL, THE VAULT-KEEPER'S
WAITING TO TELL YOU HIS
TERROR-TALE, SO I'LL TURN

YOU OVER TO HIM!
OH, BY THE WAY! IF
YOU HAVEN'T AS YET
ORDERED ALL YOUR
BACK ISSUES, READ
MY COLUMN, THE
OLD WITCH'S NICHE,
FOR ALL THE
INFORMATION!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, *SHOULDS!* NOW THAT *THE OLD WITCH* IS FINISHED DISHING OUT *HER SLIME*, I'VE GOT A *REALLY SLIMY* HORROR STORY FOR YOU! YES, IT'S ME, *THE VAULT-KEEPER!* COME INTO THE *VAULT OF HORROR!* THIS TIME I'VE CHOSEN ONE OF MY BEST *SPINE-TINGLERS* FROM MY COLLECTION! READY? THEN I'LL BEGIN THE *CHILLING TALE* OF THE *MACABRE* I CALL .

Forbidden Fruit

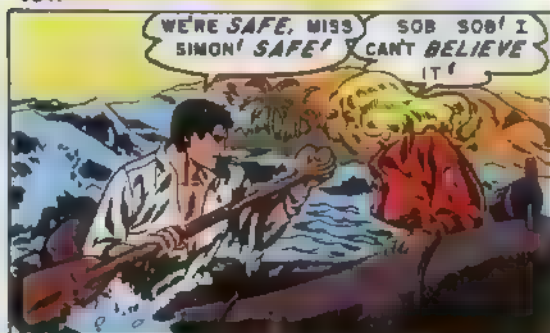


THE ISLAND LOOMED UP ON THE DAWN HORIZON LIKE A GHOSTLY SEA MONSTER FLOATING ON THE WIDE EXPANSE OF ENDLESS OCEAN! THE TINY LIFE-RAFT BOBBED ABOUT ON THE TOSsing WAVES...ITS TWO HUDDLED OCCUPANTS SCARCELY MOVING! THEN THE GIRL LIFTED HER BLONDE HEAD AND GAZED ABOUT...

WHY! IT'S ..MORNING! I .
MR. BAKER! MR BAKER .
LOOK! AN ISLAND!

WHA ? HUH? WHERE?
OH...YES! I SEE IT!
THANK HEAVENS!

THE MALE OCCUPANT OF THE TINY RUBBER RAFT BEGAN TO PADDLE FURIOUSLY TOWARD THE DISTANT ISLAND WHILE THE GIRL BEGAN TO SOB FOR JOY.



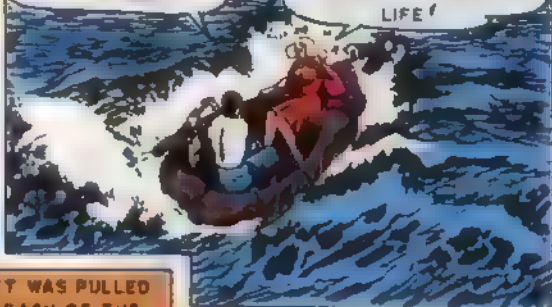
WE'RE SAFE, MISS SIMON! SAFE!

SOB SOB! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

SOON THE TINY CRAFT NEARED ITS GOAL, WAS CAUGHT UP BY THE ROARING BREAKERS THAT ROLLED SHOREWARD, AND WENT SPEEDING ON A WAVE-CREST TOWARD THE WHITE BEACH.

HOLD TIGHT, MISS SIMON! THIS IS LIKE RIDING A SURF-BOARD!

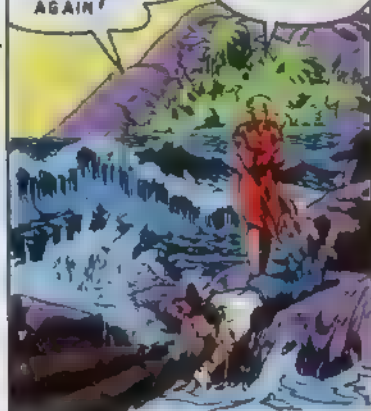
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO GLAD TO SEE ANY-THING IN MY WHOLE LIFE!



SOON THE RAFT SCRAPED THE SAND AND THE TWO CASTAWAYS SCRAMBLED ASHORE

I'LL HAUL IT UP ON THE BEACH! WE MAY NEED IT AGAIN!

I'M SO HUNGRY AND THIRSTY!



AFTER THE RAFT WAS PULLED UP OUT OF THE REACH OF THE INCOMING BREAKERS, THE CASTAWAYS LOOKED ABOUT THEM

THERE OUGHT TO BE WILD FRUIT TO EAT, DON'T YOU THINK, MR BAKER?

LOOK HERE, MISS SIMON! I DO THINK WE CAN DROP THE FORMALITY!



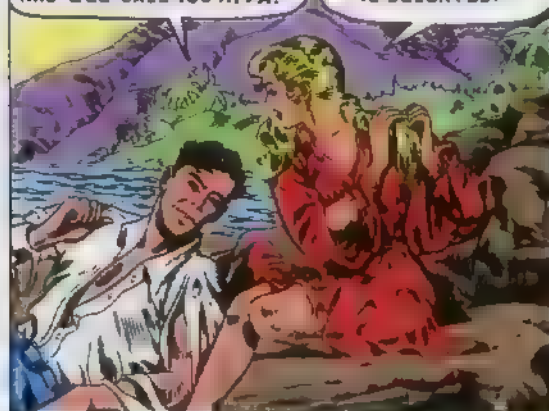
AFTER ALL! ONE CAN'T BE VERY FORMAL WHEN ONE IS CAST AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH ONE'S ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY, CAN ONE?

N-NOT VERY!



SO LET'S JUST FORGET THE 'MR.' AND 'MISS' BUSINESS! YOU CAN CALL ME DICK, AND I'LL CALL YOU RITA!

ALL RIGHT DICK! ER DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS ISLAND IS DESERTED?



I DON'T THINK I'D MIND VERY MUCH IF IT WERE! IN FACT I THINK IT WOULD BE VERY INTERESTING!

OH, HOW YOU TALK, MR BAKE. I MEAN DICK! I I.



SUDDENLY, DICK CAUGHT RITA IN HIS STRONG ARMS

I MEAN IT, RITA! I'M DICK! ALMOST GLAD THE PLANE WENT DOWN! PLEASE! I.. I..

RITA DARLING!

OH, MY DEAREST!

THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER THERE ON THE SUN-BAKED BEACH...

DICK! I'VE LOVED YOU FOR SO LONG!

AND YOU DIDN'T LET ME KNOW? YOU LITTLE IDIOT! DID IT HAVE TO TAKE A PLANE CRASH AND A NIGHT ON A RAFT?

DICK LOOKED ABOUT AT THE FOLIAGE BORDERING THE BEACH..

WHAT IS IT, DICK? YOU LOOK PUZZLED!

I AM! I I DON'T SEE ANY FRUIT-BEARING TREES OR BUSHES!

THE CASTAWAYS HURRIED UP TO THE BEACH, EXAMINING THE OVERGROWTH THAT LINED THE WHITE STRETCH OF SAND

YOU'RE RIGHT, DICK! NOT A SIGN OF FRUIT! USUALLY TROPICAL ISLANDS HAVE AN ABUNDANCE

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT DON'T WORRY! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO EAT! MAYBE IN THE INTERIOR! ANIMALS

LUCKY I REMEMBERED THE GUN WHEN WE ABANDONED THE PLANE! WE HAVEN'T MUCH AMMUNITION, BUT...

DICK! LOOK!

DICK FOLLOWED RITA'S STARE! BEFORE THEM, ON THE BEACH, WAS A CIRCLE OF CHARRED STONES AND ASHES.

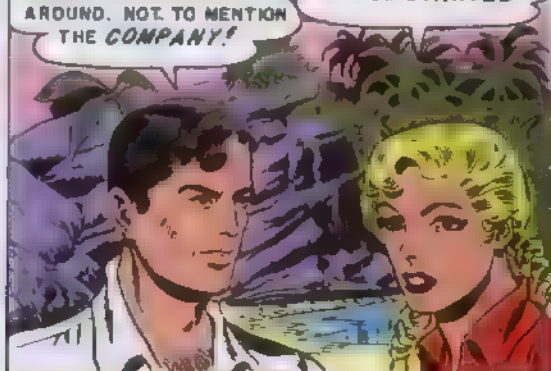
THE REMAINS OF A FIRE!

THEN SOMEONE IS ON THIS ISLAND!

THE TWO CASTAWAYS SMILED AT EACH OTHER SHEEPSILY...

WELL! AT LEAST THAT MEANS THERE'S FOOD AROUND. NOT TO MENTION THE COMPANY!

HURRY! LET'S FIND HIM! I'M STARVED!



DICK LISTENED! ALL THAT HE HEARD WAS THE SURF POUNDING THE BEACH AND THE WIND IN THE TREES...

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING, RITA!

THAT'S JUST IT! NEITHER DO I! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG! NOT A SOUND! NO BIRDS... NO CHATTERING MONKEYS... NOTHING!



SUDDENLY, RITA GASPED! SHE POINTED DOWN AT THE RAFT...

LOOK, DICK! FOOTPRINTS!

MAYBE THEY'RE OURS!



NO! SEE? THEY COME STRAIGHT OUT OF THE JUNGLE... CIRCLE THE RAFT... THEN GO BACK!

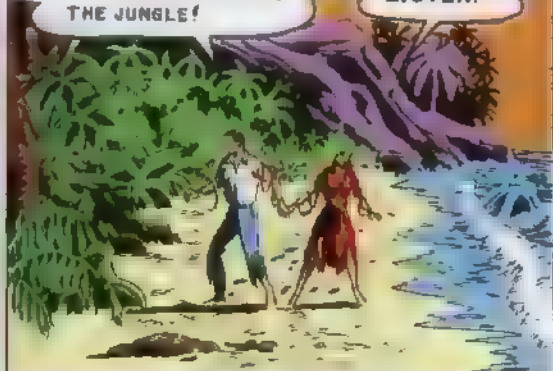
OUR FRIEND... THE ONE WHO BUILT THE FIRE!



DICK AND RITA CIRCLED THE WHOLE ISLAND, BUT THEY FOUND NO ONE! WHEN THEY'D RETURNED TO THEIR STARTING POINT.

THAT'S STRANGE! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE TO THE JUNGLE!

LISTEN, DICK! LISTEN!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I NEVER THOUGHT WE SHOULD BE HEARING THOSE THINGS! UNLESS... UNLESS...

...UNLESS THERE ARE NO BIRDS... NO ANIMALS!



SUDDENLY, A HOARSE, TERRIFYING VOICE STARTLED THE CASTAWAYS! IT CAME FROM THE THICK JUNGLE.

YOU TWO! GET IN YOUR RAFT... AND GET AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND... NOW...

WHO WHO ARE YOU?



NEVER MIND!
JUST GO!
LEAVE
THIS HOR-
RIBLE
PLACE!
GO. NOW!

COME OUT...WHO-
EVER YOU ARE!
COME OUT WHERE
WE CAN SEE YOU!
OR ELSE

SUDDENLY, RITA CAUGHT A
GLIMPSE OF FLASHING GREY AS
SOMETHING SCURRIED AWAY INTO
THE JUNGLE

LOOK, DICK!
THERE HE
GOES!

G'MON! THAT
DEVIL MUST HAVE
SOME FOOD!

DICK AND RITA PLUNGED INTO THE
JUNGLE AFTER THE FLEEING
ISLANDER...

WAIT! DON'T
RUN AWAY!
WE'RE STARV-
ING!

PLEASE!
HAVE
PITY!

THE CASTAWAYS STRUGGLED THROUGH THE JUNGLE
PAINFULLY! THEIR INEXPERIENCE AND FATIGUE
HAMPERED THEIR PROGRESS! SOON HOWEVER,
THEY CAME TO A SMALL CLEARING! IN THE CENTER
OF THE CLEARING WAS...

A STOCKADE! HE
MUST BE INSIDE!

LOOK, DICK! GROWING
INSIDE THE STOCKADE! A
FRUIT TREE LADEN WITH
FRUIT!

THE HALF-STARVED COUPLE STUMBLED ACROSS
THE CLEARING TO THE STOCKADE! THE DOOR WAS
BOLTED! THEY RATTLED AND HAMMERED

GO AWAY, I SAID! FOR
YOUR OWN GOOD, GO
AWAY! LEAVE THIS
CURSED PLACE!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO
HEARTLESS? WE'RE
STARVING! PLEASE!
IF YOU WANT US TO
LEAVE, GIVE US
SOME FRUIT...

NO! NO FRUIT!
IT'D BE BETTER TO
STARVE TO DEATH
THAN EAT ONE
BITE!

LISTEN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
I'VE GOT A GUN! IF YOU
DON'T LET US HAVE SOME-
THING TO EAT...SO HELP
ME, I'LL KILL YOU!

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE! THEN THE
HOARSE, RASPY, IRRITATING VOICE BEHIND
THE STOCKADE BEGAN AGAIN...

MAYBE...MAYBE AFTER
YOU'VE HEARD MY STORY,
YOU WON'T BE SO EAGER
TO EAT THIS FRUIT!
WILL YOU LISTEN?

MAKE IT
SHORT,
BUDDY! I'M
LOSING
PATIENCE!
WHY
WON'T
YOU LET
US SEE
YOU?

THE MUSKY COUGHING VOICE CONTINUED.

AFTER YOU HEAR MY STORY, YOU WILL *KNOW WHY* SIX MONTHS AGO, MY SHIP... AN OIL TANKER... **EXPLODED** EAST OF THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE! I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR! YOU SEE...



...I WAS IN THE CROWS-NEST WHEN THE BLAST OCCURRED! I WAS THROWN CLEAR OF THE PLANES AND BURNING OIL.



SOMEHOW OR OTHER I MANAGED TO STAY AFLOAT, AND I WAS FINALLY **WASHED ASHORE** IN THE TERRIBLE PLACE...



I SOON DISCOVERED, AS YOU DID, THAT THERE WERE NO ANIMALS OR BIRDS ON THIS ISLAND! AT FIRST I COULD FIND NO FRUIT OR VEGETABLES EITHER! BUT, FINALLY, I STUMBLED ACROSS THIS STOCKADE AND ITS ENCLOSED FRUIT TREE...



I ATE MY FILL OF THE SWEET-TASTING FRUIT! I WONDERED WHO HAD BUILT THE STOCKADE AND WHY? THEN, ONE DAY I FOUND OUT! FUNNY LITTLE SORES, LIKE *MOLDY GROWTHS*, BEGAN TO APPEAR ON MY HANDS AND FACE...



IN A WEEK, IT HAD GROWN WORSE. YET, I COULD *NOT STOP EATING* THE TASTY FRUIT! SOON THE *UGLY SLIME* COVERED MY *WHOLE BODY*! MY SKIN BEGAN TO *ROT*! TODAY... SIX MONTHS LATER... WELL... NOW YOU KNOW *WHY* I WON'T LET YOU SEE ME!



PROBABLY *NATIVES* FENCED IN THIS CURSED TREE! IF THEY DID, THEY MUST BE *NEAR*! GO! FIND THEIR ISLAND! FOR YOUR OWN SAKE!

OKAY, BUDDY! THANKS FOR THE TIP!

DICK!



DICK DRAGGED THE OBJECTING RITA FROM THE STOCKADE! WHEN THEY WERE OUT OF EARSHOT

DICK! WE REALLY AREN'T GOING TO...

OF COURSE NOT, HONEY! THAT *QUACK* BACK THERE IS OFF HIS *ROCKER*! TO-NIGHT WHEN HE'S ASLEEP, WE'LL COME BACK...



THAT NIGHT, WITH THE SIGNAL LAMP FROM THE RAFT, THE TWO STARVING CASTAWAYS RETURNED TO THE STOCKADE! SILENTLY, DICK CLIMBED THE HIGH SPIKED FENCE, LET HIMSELF DOWN GENTLY, AND OPENED THE GATE FOR RITA...



SH-H-H-H! HE'S ASLEEP... IN THAT LEAN-TO OVER THERE!

LISTEN TO HIS WHEEZING, RASPING, CHOKED BREATHING!

HUNGRILY, THE COUPLE BEGAN TO EAT THE TASTY FRUIT! ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY SWALLOWED...



M-M-M-M-M! THEY'RE GOOD, AREN'T THEY?

YES... I...

YAAAAEEEEEEH!

THE SHADOWY FIGURE CAME AT THEM, SCREAMING MOARSELY...



DICK! IT'S HIM!

KEEP AWAY... YOU FOOL!

DICK SWITCHED ON THE SIGNAL LIGHT AND SHINED IT AT THE APPROACHING FIGURE.



OH, MY GOD!

EEEEEEEEEE!

DICK FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE HIDEOUS, MOLD-COVERED, ROTTED, FOUL-SMELLING THING! IT STOPPED FOR A MOMENT... THEN SANK TO THE GROUND... ITS WIDE STARING EYES LIKE PIN-POINTS OF LIGHT IN ITS SHAPELESS HEAD...



NOW... HORRIBLE!

LOOK! HE... IT... IT'S DISSOLVING INTO A POOL OF PULSATING PUTRESCENT SLIME!

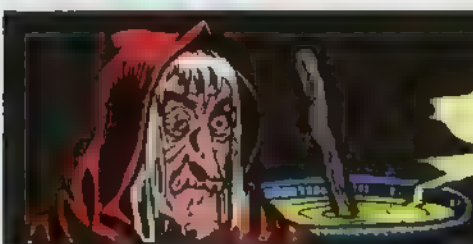
RITA STARED AT THE HALF-EATEN PIECE OF FRUIT IN HER HAND THEN AT DICK! DICK STARED BACK! FEELINGS OF NAUSEA AND REVULSION SWEEPED OVER THEM.



MEH, MEH! AND SO MY STORY ENDS! AND IT IS THE END FOR DICK AND RITA, KIDDIES! SOON THE LITTLE SORES WILL BEGIN TO APPEAR... AND THEN... MEH, MEH... WELL, JUST USE YOUR IMAGINATION! BUT IF YOU DON'T HAVE AN IMAGINATION, AND YOU NEED ANOTHER FEAR-FIX, CHECK OUT HOW TO GET MORE EC MAGS! JUST READ THE OLD WITCH'S NIGHT...



NEXT IN THIS ISSUE... AND FIND OUT HOW TO GET YOURS! 'BYE, NOW! DON'T FORGET! KEEP A STIFF...



THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Wood, Wood, he's pretty good! Feldstein's the best, VK a pest! and The Old Witch is the best of 'em all.

Tony Lewandowski

Oak Forest, IL

Crypty, Crypty, he's three hundred and fifty! Ghastly's the ultimate; when he puts his skull to it! And Tony Lewandowski is...is...a great guy! (Rats!)

—OW

Un-dear Old Witch

I just started reading your stories and I LOVE them

All of your tales are so gruesome and scary. My bones rattle when I read them. I love them at night time. I especially like "Diminishing Returns!" Keep up the good work.

Jamie Haynes

Lewiston, CA

Glad you LOVE them! I think you're great. And Tony Lewandowski is greataki. (Still not so good! Rats!)

—OW

What's up, Old Witch?

I just finished reading HAUNT #8 and it was delicious! "Hounded to Death!" was truly good work

Shame [on] Mike McKnight and Duane Chandler for saying that you're ugly. You are revolting filth. Beyond ugly. During your many hundred years of rotting, you must've went through a lot of radioactive changes. Well, I still love your title best and yet, I am still ordering EC back issues like there isn't any tomorrow. Later, you wrinkled nut! (Print address, please.)

Shannon Jones, age 17

4535 Foote ST NE
Washington, DC 20019

Let's cool it on the reverse-compliments, or for you there WON'T be any tomorrow! Keep on my good side—keep buyin'!

—OW

Dear EC comics,

I've been collecting your comics for a long time—one year exactly, and so far I've read about the following things: vampires, werewolves, zombies, murderers, mummies and ghouls. But I haven't read about dinosaurs. I think dinosaurs are scary and being in EC comics, don't you? If you wrote about dinosaurs coming back to life it would make an interesting story. My friends and I like reading about dinosaurs a lot, so please try to fit a dinosaur story into an EC comic book. Your devoted fan

Joey A. Richardson

Bettendorf, IA

You and your dino-devouring friends should be reading EC's SF titles: WEIRD SCIENCE, WEIRD FANTASY and INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION (formerly WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY). That's in addition to, not instead of! That way, you have your corpse and eat it too!

Joey A. Richardson, the "good-guy" list (of The Witch) is on! And, Tony Lewandowski—it's "only you," and how'd! (Success!)

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

I'm writing to you because you are so much scarier than VK and CK. I can't believe The CK has his own show, and you

and VK don't! Here are some questions. I would really appreciate it if you answered them really well. The first question is, is there a very possible chance that you and VK will get your show? The second question is, can you make powerful spells without your pot? The third question is, are you powerful enough to make a spell that will make you invincible? The last question is, can you kill people or destroy things with lightning or anything from your hands? Thank you, Mrs. Witch!

Andy Park

Los Angeles, CA

Well, I tho! I had an offer to put me on the tube; came to find out what they said was a show with me would go DOWN the TUBES!

Well, I use my CAULDRON (not POT!) to stew up some stories for you little grus-hounds. I cast spells at my leisure. Unfortunately, the Anonymous Editor has—Spell-Check!

Well, I can make myself invincible. The real imponderable is, can I then make something that can hurt me?

Well, my hands are pretty powerful—'cause I have a Flatful of Dollars!

I hope I have answered these, uh, well.

—OW

Dear VK, CK, OW,

You guys are the best! Especially you CK, you usually have the best stories. [WHAT!]

I just finished reading THE VAULT OF HORROR #8. I loved "Daddy Lost His Head!" and "Reunion!" by OW.

I like your comics because you don't have to get into the complicated and at times even boring networks of superhero comics. (I'm not saying all superhero comics are bad, just most of them.)

Hey guys, why don't you get those hairy moles removed from your noses (I know a good plastic surgeon!). And you might want to try getting a toothbrush.

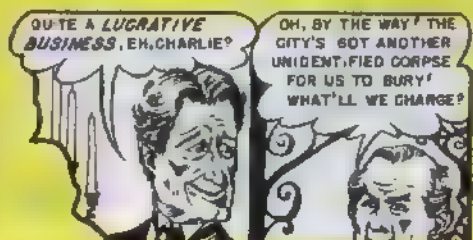
Please print my whole address so that other fans can write to me. I'd love to hear from them! I'm a boy 15 [years old]. A fellow cackler.

Ern Van Drimmelen

548 Saint Nick DR
Memphis, TN 38117

DESPITE your misguided tolerance of those other two GhouLunatics, I'm glad you liked "Reunion!". Remember, 25% of both their tepid titles is a story by ME, making them worth the price of admission. —OW

NEXT ISSUE



Dear Russ (and company of ghosts, ghouls, fiends, zombies, and the like)

I am writing to tell you of a video that I happened to come across called "The Screaming Woman". It is a movie by Ray Bradbury, and I think it is pertinent to us who devour your comics

I have a question about the authors and artists of the stories that get into your comics. Do you have any biographical information on any of them (for example, when they were born/died, what other things they might have drawn or written for, how long they worked with EC, etc.)? I guess since I work at a library, I like to know the background of what I am reading and enjoying

Since I had my letter printed in June, I have got very interesting letters from a man in Tacoma, Washington, someone named Francis from Singapore, a girl from Cincinnati who just got her letter published in August issue of VAULT and last but not least a man from Canada. Thank you for printing my address. I love getting mail that is not a bill

Patty Drummond

POB 482
Martins Ferry OH 43935

I am second to none in being happy about the success of Revoltin' Ray over the years. That of screamin' woman screams for EC in CRIME 15, a bit more than a year from now. But if you can't wait, get 64-pg RCP CRYPT #2, \$2 a copy plus s&h like it says at the bottom of this column.

[Hey, Witchie, perhaps we need to re-run the original EC "Artist of the Issue" features, they would be a good primer on the EC personnel. —Ed Anon]

Maybe you're right, keyboard-boy. Meantime, thanks to Patty for the puzzle we've run elsewhere in this column. —OW

Greetings my beloved goddess

After years of pent-up emotions which have gradually fed upon my weak love-stricken innards, I've finally built up enough courage to write to the woman who could make my brain deranged with passion and my stomach regurgitate my waffles at the same time!

Now my comment on the tales [in HAUNT 8] I was doing the shady Shimmy with my guts wrapped around my ankles when I noticed that "Diminishing Returns!" credits were unknown! But I have a feeling it was you, my dear Old Witch, who wrote and illustrated that tale for insignificant me! Ya did it cause yer too shy to express yer true feelings for me!

I do have one complaint, though there are only 7 portraits of ya in the issue. To relieve my infernal suffering you should print pin-ups of yourself, which we can remove without desecrating our much cherished comic! I'm only saying this cause yer heeble-jeebie inducing mug is the reason why I purchase yer book and the only reason I haven't placed my head in my waffle-iron!

So, my repulsive, earwax-swirl'n hag of a woman please look into that black cancerous mound of a muscle ya call a heart and give me a reply—cause I think I'll be having waffles very soon. Yer devoted miscreant,

Ivo Musa XOXOX

Calgary, AB

Problem solved, loverboy: buy extra copies of my comic and cut out the pics of me for your wallet! Sorry about the waffles, I'm not at my best at breakfast!

Are those "hugs and kisses" after your signature, or is your last name the same as my favorite bouillon? —OW

Dear Russ,

CRIME #5 is the only CRIME I have, because I had a picture I drew in it. The last story was called "Partially Dissolved!"

It was told by The Old Witch I was wondering if it will be in a future issue of CRYPT HAUNT or VAULT. I hope it will because I'd have to buy all the back issues [of CRIME] because I want all the stories of CRYPT, HAUNT, and VAULT

Eric Kazen

Richmond HTS OH

Altho EC did re-run a few (a VERY few!) stories, my stories in CRIME (superheaded "The Haunt of Fear" stories, everywhere else I called 'em "The Witch's Cauldron") were NOT re-run anywhere else! To get them (and almost every one had Ghastly art, so you GOTTA have 'em!) you gotta get CRIME SUSPENSORIES! Pretty tricky, huh? —OW

SEARCH-A-WORD PUZZLE PATTY DRUMMOND, MARTINS FERRY, OH

F H I N S T R E N P I T T I E S V N K O Y E N H L O
J O R E D A N D O P C H U R S O N U E E R C E I N
K I V O O C C O B A R I N C E T A R E V E Y P E R D
L E T V U R S P A G E S P A N I U V D A A L T E R T
G O F R A S O K B I E S Q U L T T I S E U R R A A K
E N U A N L W H P V P A Q F L E R G G O O T O A N
V L F P I Z E N D V V A D L T O F E O R R O R Y A
A B L I V E O H A M E R T O T O R S C O A N J S W E
A L S U T E R E F I E R D G O L D B T Y G H L T O E
C Q O U L T A T E R O U T U R V I P I C J O P A C
A V O P E R R V S O N T I W E R V E R X I P E T O
A B U E V E R S Q E R H A Z A C H O M T A D B E C
V O W E R T T T I U C I T N B T W J L Q W E R T T E
L E I N C V A B U R I S T E A S T O F F H A R S S
O T T A I O G T A N N U E R N O Y E R T T D F U
W H E T U T J K N I O I X U L C R Y P T K E E P E R
S Q S O O B N T N C G S O E B R I P H A Y K J Y E
A L E T T I T V E R E X D V E T T Y U S S E S J
A S P A T T I I S U T T E D T V W F E D I V A D
R E S O P E R N A T U R A L V C X D A T E R T E N E

Dig up the horror-words an-CRYPT-ed in this gruesome grid. Send your list to this department (There's no reason to send in this page, or a copy of it. Make a list, you lazy lizard!). Earliest postmark of the best solution gets the glory. —OW

This month: INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #9 and CRIME #9. Next month: The 10th Issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details!)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, \$3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Add \$5 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
HAUNT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 489
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS HAUNT OF FEAR #9 (SEP/OCT 1951)

COVER by Al Feldstein

"Warts So Horrible?"

"Forbidden Fruit"

"The Age-Old Story"

"The Gorfia's Paw"

Graham Ingels

Joe Orlando

Jack Kamen

Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We will for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters, to do so we need your address on the individual letter.

More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called...

FAN CLUB NEWS! 17

PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER

I was going through a price guide when I found they had made a Tale from the CRYPT OF TERROR in 3D. Tell me, are you going to reprint it or do we have to pay over three hundred dollars for one? Please print my address.

Jan Sosebee

POB 256
Eton, GA 30724

Is there a possibility that you might reprint the EC titles THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR and THREE DIMENSIONAL EC CLASSICS? As a collector of your reprints and a 3D enthusiast, I'd really enjoy seeing them back in print. Why not let some other EC FanAddicts decide by inviting their letters of support?

John Robinson

Halifax, NS

The two books (John's letter lists the official wording of the titles) were EC's only published 3D material. A third (SF) book was not published but was prepared. We want to do them in hardback someday; maybe after that they'd appear in 32-pg comics. —VK

Dear Tale-Telling Ghoul

I enjoy all your comic books very much. After buying several other [reprints] that were printed out of order, I came upon the actual [in order] reprints. I know the total plan is to reprint all CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT; but do you also plan to reprint all three TALES OF TERROR ANNUALS, too? If so, please tell me so I can have all the horror comics that you publish.

Say hi to Russ and tell him to stop writing notes to The Old Witch in crayon.

Eric Græve

Burlington, WI

With the exception of the cover art, the contents of EC's Annual contained no new material. The 'guts' were four coverless (presumably de-covered) copies of back issues chosen from within a theme but otherwise at random. Thus, it would be pointless—as well as impossible—to reprint them! The official titles were: TALES OF TERROR (3 issues), WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY (2 issues) and TWO-FISTED ANNUAL (2 issues).

Hey, EC FanAddicts! This is your last chance to receive a FREE (yes, you read that right) issue of HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR. Many corpses have already risen from the grave and snatched up most of the copies but we still have about 40-50 copies left for those of you who've missed out! We discuss EC's wonderful horror work in our first deadly issue. So don't delay! Dig out of your grave while the dirt's still fresh and pull up a crudely cauldron to write on so we can send HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR to your own Vault or Crypt.

Send name and address (and anything else of interest, perhaps your mother-in-law's severed tongue or your school teacher's bloody yardstick) to

Sam Kingston's

30 Ivy DR

HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR Midvale, UT 84047

Dear Vault-Keeper,

November, 1949, I walked into Murphrey's candy store and bought a copy of WAR AGAINST CRIME. You, VK, were on page one, hunched over on a stone throne deep in the VAULT OF HORROR, crooking your finger at me, a 9-year-old kid, and saying, "Come closer." I did.

Good News! The third issue of GOOD LORD!, the official newsletter/fanzine of the EC REGISTER, has just been

released by ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, a non-profit organization of GhouLunaticHelpers.

We are looking for: V-K devotees (like me and Abner), C-K freaks, OW minions, SCI-FI cats, MAD lovers, SHOCK, WAR and CRIME fans, REPRINT addicts, EC ORIGINAL COLLECTORS, EC ORIGINAL ART COLLECTORS, PRE-TREND, NEW TREND and NEW DIRECTION dudes, in short, anyone of any age with any interest in EC comics.

Anyone who wishes to join us, hah-hah, has only to send a stamp to the EC REGISTER, ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, 8801 Atlantic Avenue, Margate City, NJ 08402.

Christopher Cook Gilmore

Below is a re-run of the dope on another fan's project, just in case anyone missed it from a previous column. —VK

I wish to start a dream of mine THE NATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB. In my club, all serious EC fans will receive great benefits including a one year (six-issue) subscription to the club's official fanzine—THE NATIONAL E.C. BULLETIN!

Membership to the club costs \$14.00. This money is just under enough to cover the publication costs, I make no profit! If you decide you want to join and don't have \$14.00 (US Currency), you may send just enough for your subscription (\$12.00) and send the extra two bucks for your membership package later on.

Also, if you are worried the club magazine SUCKS, you can order a sample issue for \$2.00.

THE INTERNATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB

c/o Philip M. Smith, President/Founder
5947 Colgate St
Philadelphia, PA 19120

Regarding Adrienne Cook's request in FCN #5 for "a prose history of EC," I suggest "Completely MAD: A History of the Comic Book and Magazine" (91, Maria Reidelbach, Little Brown and Co.).

Concerning "a history of American horror and crime comics in the 1950s," look for "The Illustrated History of Horror Comics Series #1" (91, Taylor Publishing) and "Crime Comics, Series #5" (93, Taylor Publishing), both are by Mike Benton.

You have my permission to publish my address.

Vinny Beilizia, Jr.

528 2nd AV

North Brunswick, NY 08902-3316

I read with interest the letter by Phil Smith that suggested starting an EC Fan Club. I'd like to pass along an idea. There is a book called "Organized Obsessions" by Deborah M. Burek and Martin Connors that lists 1001 offbeat associations, fan clubs, and microsocieties you can join! From the Abbott and Costello Fan Club to Rock Horror fan clubs, they're all there.

Write to Organized Obsessions, c/o Visible Ink Press, 835 Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan, 48226-4094. Send them the full name of your group, include your address with zip, telephone number with area code and fax if possible. Write a page of information on your group, and send along any brochure or leaflets you have. With any luck, it'll end up in the next edition. There's not one listing yet on comic clubs. Shouldn't EC be among the first?

Phil Marsh

Sunnyvale, CA

And you-all that WE were weird!

—VK

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 449, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775.

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We cannot acknowledge publication of letters to us as we need your address on the individual letter.

HERE'S A DISGUSTING NEW WRINKLE IN...

THE AGE-OLD STORY!!



HARRIET TURNED THE CORNER INTO THE FAMILIAR TENEMENT BLOCK! IT WAS DESERTED! Gaping black windows, like eye-sockets in heaped skulls, stared out at the littered sidewalks! HARRIET'S HIGH HEELS RAPPED A STACCATO AS SHE HURRIED BY BENEATH THE LONE STREET-LAMP...



SHE TURNED INTO AN ALLEY AS A CLOCK SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE SLEEPING CITY TOLLED THREE MOURNFUL WAILS... SIGNIFYING THE EARLY MORNING HOUR! SHE MOVED PAST BATTERED ASHCANS ALIVE WITH GREY, FAST-MOVING FORMS AND FINALLY STOPPED BEFORE A SHABBY DOOR! SHE RAISED HER TINY FIST AND KNOCKED HEAVILY! NO SOUND CAME FROM WITHIN...

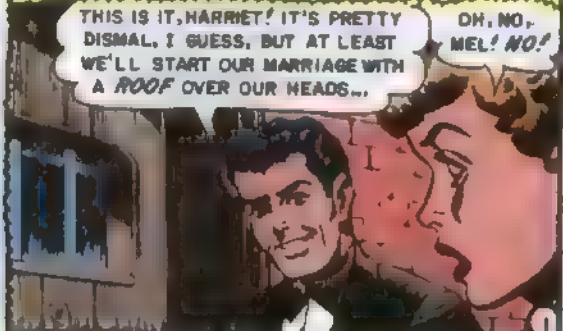
MEL MUST BE ASLEEP! HE DOESN'T EXPECT ME...SO SOON! THANK GOD I'M *THROUGH*!



HARRIET KNOCKED AGAIN...LOUDER THIS TIME! INSIDE, SOMEONE FINALLY STIRRED! HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED! IN A MOMENT SHE'D BE IN MEL'S ARMS... AT LAST! AS SHE WAITED FOR THE ROTTED DOOR TO SWING OPEN, HARRIET'S THOUGHTS WENT BACK...BACK TO THE BEGINNING...THE WHOLE THING HAD STARTED A YEAR AGO...IN THAT VERY ALLEY...

THIS IS IT, HARRIET! IT'S PRETTY DISMAL, I GUESS, BUT AT LEAST WE'LL START OUR MARRIAGE WITH A ROOF OVER OUR HEADS...

OH, NO, MEL! NO!



YES, MEL HAD PROPOSED TO HER THAT NIGHT! HE'D ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM! THEN, HE'D BROUGHT HER THERE

NO, MEL, YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO LIVE IN THIS...THIS ROTTEN HOLE!

BUT, HARRIET! IT'LL ONLY BE FOR A WHILE! TILL I GET STARTED..



SHE'D BEEN SHOCKED! OH, SURE, MEL WAS A NICE GUY. YOUNG, GOOD LOOKING! BUT TO BEGIN A MARRIAGE IN THAT MISERABLE NOVEL..

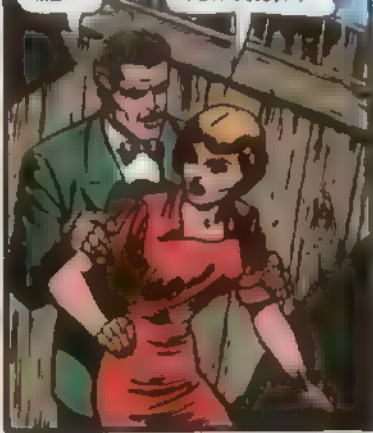
I'M I'M SORRY, MEL! LOOK ME UP AGAIN WHEN YOU CAN OFFER ME SOMETHING BETTER!

HARRIET, WAIT!



MEL HAD CAUGHT UP WITH HER... PLEADED WITH HER...

BUT, YOU SAID NOT THAT MUCH, YOU LOVED MONEY! NOT ENOUGH FOR THAT!



THAT WAS HOW IT'D BEGUN! HARRIET REMEMBERED IT ALL SO CLEARLY! SHE'D LEFT MEL STANDING IN THE MOUTH OF THE GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY, AND HAD CAUGHT A BUS UPTOWN.

THAT'S ALL, BROTHER! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M FED UP TO HERE WITH FURNISHED ROOMS AND TENEMENTS!



SHE'D GOTTEN OFF SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO PARK AVENUE! ABSENTLY, SHE'D MADE HER WAY TOWARD IT.. GAZING UP AT THE LUXURIOUS APARTMENT WINDOWS LONGINGLY...

IT'S MONEY I'M AFTER NOW! MONEY AND ALL THE THINGS IT CAN BUY... LIKE THOSE PLUSH PENTHOUSES UP THERE... AND CARS... AND SERVANTS!



SUDDENLY, SHE'D GOTTEN A CRAZY URGE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF ONE OF THOSE PARK AVENUE PALACES! SHE'D SAUNTERED PAST A SUSPICIOUS DOOR-MAN... STEPPED INTO A SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR... AND PRESSED THE BUTTON MARKED 'PENTHOUSE' WHEN THE ELEVATOR HAD STOPPED, SHE'D GOTTEN OFF! MUSIC AND LAUGHTER EXPLODED AS SHE OPENED THE DOOR

NO ONE HAD EVEN NOTICED HER COME IN! THEY WERE ALL TOO BUSY HAVING A GOOD TIME! SHE'D HESITATED ON THE TERRACED ENTRANCE... ALMOST READY TO TURN AND RUN, WHEN...

WELL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! COME ON DOWN! HAVE A DRINK!

TH...THANK YOU!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S HAVING A PARTY..



HARRIET SMILED TO HERSELF AS SHE WAITED FOR MEL TO COME TO THE DOOR! THAT WAS WHEN SHE HAD FIRST MET HENRY.



HENRY WAS OLD... IN HIS FIFTIES! BUT HE WAS *RICH* AS HE'D DRIVEN HER DOWNTOWN IN HIS CADILLAC.



THE NEXT NIGHT, SHE'D MET HENRY AT A SWANKY EAST-SIDE CLUB! THE CHECK MUST HAVE COME TO FORTY BUCKS! AFTER...



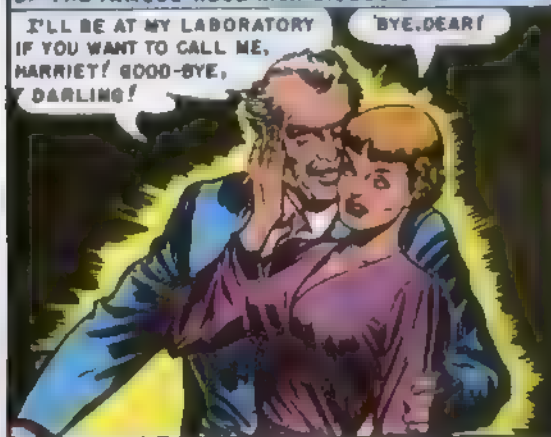
IT'D BEEN WHEN SHE FIRST SAW HENRY'S BEAUTIFUL, EXPENSIVELY FURNISHED APARTMENT THAT HARRIET HAD MADE UP HER MIND! SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY THE OLD CODGER.



IT HADN'T TAKEN VERY LONG AFTER THAT! A FEW MORE EVENINGS AT HIS HOME, AND HENRY HAD PROPOSED.



AND SO SHE'D BECOME MRS. HENRY MASTERTSON, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS RESEARCH BIOLOGIST.



AT FIRST IT HAD BEEN EXCITING! NEW CLOTHES SHOPPING SPREES... JEWELRY... HER OWN CAR! BUT AFTER A WHILE, HENRY'S AGE BEGAN TO TELL.



THEN... AFTER A WHILE... THE THRILL HAD WORN THIN!
HARRIET WAS BORED STIFF.

I HAD THE STRANGEST
REACTION TO A **HORMONE
EXTRACT** TODAY, DEAR!
MY **LONGEVITY**
EXPERIMENTS

LONGEVITY? WHY
DON'T YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT YOUR-
SELF? LOOK AT YOU!
YOU'RE AN OLD MAN!



HARRIET! LOOK AT ME! I'M YOUNG! I WANT
TO ENJOY LIFE! INSTEAD WE SIT
HOME... **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...**
IN THIS BIG EXPENSIVE BARN!



AND THEN ONE DAY WHILE HENRY WAS AWAY
AT HIS LAB



MEL! MEL,
DARLING!

HELLO,
BABY!

SHE'D FLUNG HERSELF INTO MEL'S ARMS, KISSED HIM
AGAIN AND AGAIN.



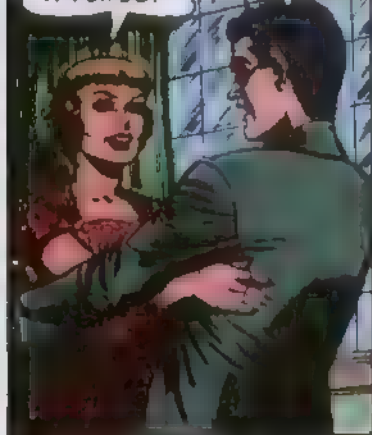
OH, MEL! I'VE MISSED
YOU SO!

YEAH! I'LL
BET!

AND THEN HARRIET HAD THOUGHT
OF IT! A PLAN! A WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL PLAN.

DON'T BE ANGRY,
MONEY! I'M DOING
IT FOR US!

US! THAT'S
A LAUGH!



OH, MEL! REALLY! HENRY'S
RIGHT! RICHER THAN YOU'LL
EVER BE! I MARRIED HIM
FOR HIS DOUGH! WHEN I GET
IT.

YOU... YOU WOULDN'T
KID ME, WOULD YOU,
BABY?



LOOK, MEL! IT'S GOING TO BE
EASY! I'LL GET HIM TO SIGN
OVER HIS HOLDINGS TO ME.
LITTLE BY LITTLE! AND WHEN
I HAVE IT ALL, I'LL DITCH HIM!
THEN IT'LL BE JUST YOU AND
ME... ON EASY STREET!



YOU'RE
SERIOUS,
AREN'T
YOU?



DEAD SERIOUS,
MONEY!

C'MERE, YOU
LITTLE SHE-
DEVIL!



THAT NIGHT, HARRIET HAD BEGUN
HER INSIDIOUS CAMPAIGN...

THAT'S RIGHT, HENRY! DON'T
I'M GOING TO TAKE A LEAVE
LITTLE TRIP!

ME, HARRIET!
PLEASE! I
NEED YOU!



I'LL INCREASE YOUR
ALLOWANCE! I'LL
TRANSFER SOME
MONEY TO YOUR
ACCOUNT! PLEASE...

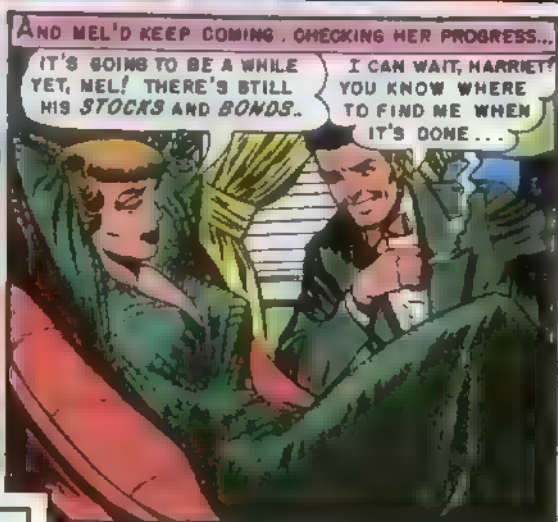
REALLY?
HOW...
MUCH?



SHE'D KEPT IT UP! SHE'D PLAYED ON HIS EMOTIONS,
HIS EGO, HIS INSECURITY...

I'M YOUNG, HENRY!
YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING
TO OFFER ME...

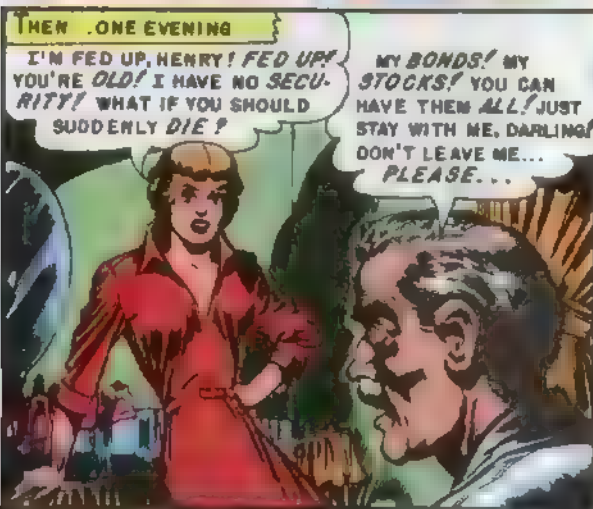
I WON'T LET YOU
GO! I CAN'T! I'D
BE NOTHING WITH-
OUT YOU! MY WHOLE
ACCOUNT! YOU CAN
HAVE THE WHOLE
THING...



AND MEL'D KEEP COMING, CHECKING HER PROGRESS...

IT'S GOING TO BE A WHILE
YET, MEL! THERE'S STILL
HIS STOCKS AND BONDS...

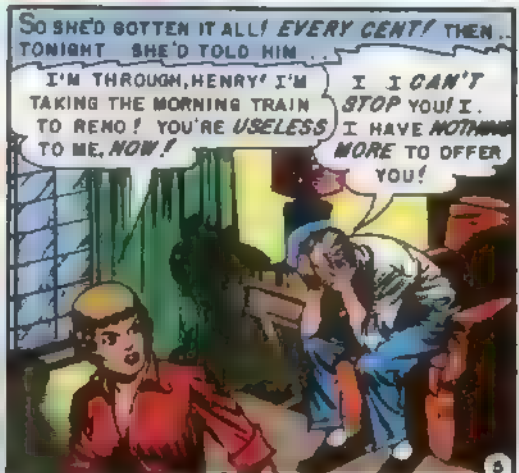
I CAN WAIT, HARRIET!
YOU KNOW WHERE
TO FIND ME WHEN
IT'S DONE...



THEN... ONE EVENING

I'M FED UP, HENRY! FED UP!
YOU'RE OLD! I HAVE NO SECU-
RITY! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD
SUDDENLY DIE?

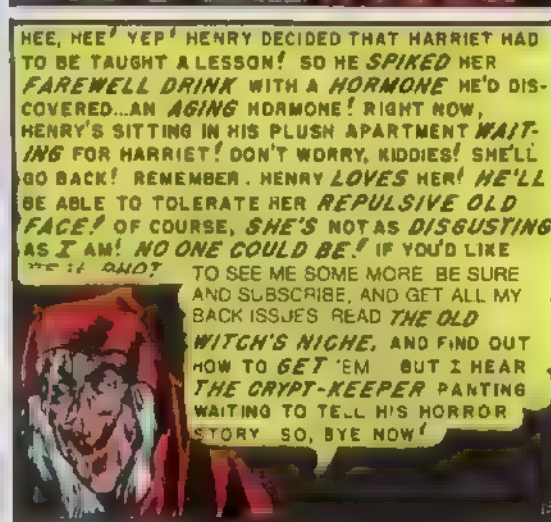
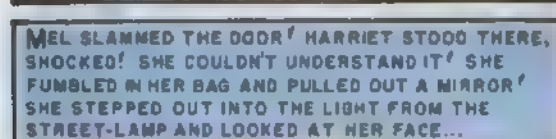
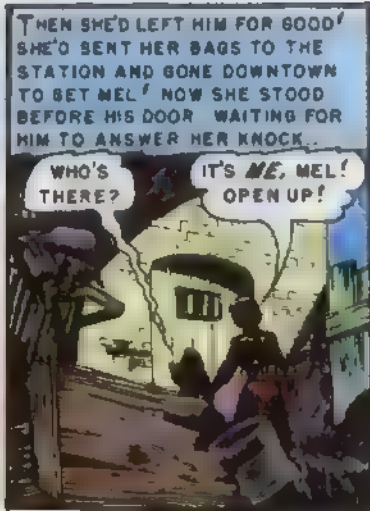
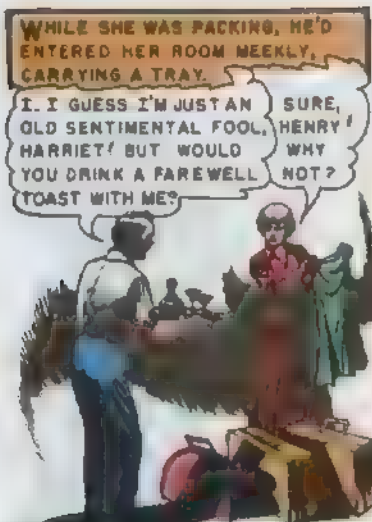
MY BONDS! MY
STOCKS! YOU CAN
HAVE THEM ALL! JUST
STAY WITH ME, DARLING!
DON'T LEAVE ME...
PLEASE...



SO SHE'D GOTTEN IT ALL! EVERY CENT! THEN...
TONIGHT SHE'D TOLD HIM...

I'M THROUGH, HENRY! I'M
TAKING THE MORNING TRAIN
TO RENO! YOU'RE USELESS
TO ME, NOW!

I I CAN'T
STOP YOU! I
HAVE NOTHING
MORE TO OFFER
YOU!



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NOW I SEE IT'S MY TURN TO 'GUEST' IN THE OLD WITCH'S MAD-MAG! AND NATURALLY I AM GIVEN THE LAST SPOT! THEY'RE ALL JEALOUS BECAUSE MY STORIES ARE ALWAYS THE MOST HORRIBLE! WELL, THEY'RE RIGHT! AND THIS TIME I OUTDO MYSELF! COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! I AM YOUR HOST, THE CRYPT-KEEPER! SINCE YOU'RE ALL EAGER, I'LL WASTE NO TIME IN BEGINNING THE BLOOD-CURDLING TALE I CALL

THE GORILLA'S PAW!



FLOYD STOOD OUTSIDE THE CURIO SHOP WINDOW BAZING IN AT THE WEIRD ASSORTMENT OF OBJECTS THAT CROWDED EVERY AVAILABLE INCH OF DISPLAY SPACE! AS HIS EYES MOVED FROM ONE ARTICLE TO THE NEXT, FLOYD BEGAN TO FEEL UNEASY! IT WASN'T THAT THE CURIOS WERE FRIGHTENING! FLOYD COULD NOT UNDERSTAND IT! THEN HE LOOKED UP! BEHIND THE WINDOW DISPLAY STOOD THE SHOP KEEPER STARING AT HIM WITH SMALL, WRINKLED, BEADY EYES

WHAT'S THE OLD BUZZARD GAWKING AT ME FOR? DO I LOOK LIKE I'D BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO BUY SOME OF THIS JUNK? HE HUH? HE'S MOTIONING FOR ME TO COME IN!



AT FIRST FLOYD WAS TEMPTED TO TURN AWAY. BUT THE LOOK ON THE OLD SHOPKEEPER'S FACE WAS ONE OF GRIEV CONCERN, SO HE SHRUGGED AND ENTERED THE SHOP. AS HE OPENED THE DOOR, A BELL TINKLED SOMEWHERE IN THE REAR...

DID YOU WANT ME FOR SOMETHIN', MISTER?

COME IN, YOUNG MAN! COME IN!

THE FOUL ODOR OF STALENESS AND DUSTY DECAY SEARED FLOYD'S NOSTRILS. HE LOOKED ABOUT THE DARK INTERIOR OF THE SHOP...

LISTEN, MISTER! I'M NOT IN THE MARKET FOR ANY OF THIS...

BUT I HAVE SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL WANT!

THE OLD MAN LIFTED A STRONG WOODEN BOX FROM A DRAWER AND PLACED IT ON THE COUNTER. FLOYD TURNED TO GO...

NOT ME, OLD TIMER! I CAN THINK OF LOTS OF BETTER WAYS OF SPENDIN' MY DOUGH!

WAIT! JUST LOOK AT IT! THAT'S ALL I ASK!

THE SHOP-KEEPER TOOK A KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND UNLOCKED THE SMALL OAK CHEST. HE LIFTED BACK THE LID...

GOOD LORD! WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT DISGUSTING THING?

IT'S A MUMMIFIED GORILLA'S PAW, MY FRIEND! A RARE SPECIMEN! I'LL SELL IT CHEAP...

FLOYD SHUDDERED AS HE STUDIED THE BLACK-SKINNED Hairy PAW. HE TURNED TO THE SHOP-KEEPER AND BURST OUT LAUGHING...

AND WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD I WANT WITH AN UGLY GORILLA PAW?

THAT'S UP TO YOU! IF YOU WANT TO BUY IT, IT'S TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS... WITHOUT THE CHEST! THAT'S EXTRA!

FLOYD SHOOK HIS HEAD AND STARTED FOR THE DOOR

TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS... FOR THAT MONSTROSITY? NOT ME. OLD MAN! FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER SUCKER! I...

I... I WISH YOU'D BUY IT!

FLOYD STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS AT THE OLD MAN'S WORDS. HE STARED DOWN AT THE MUMMIFIED GORILLA PAW. A STRANGE FEELING CAME OVER HIM. HE LIFTED THE DRIED EXTREMITY FROM THE BOX AND STUDIED IT. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT FASCINATED HIM...

THEN... YOU'LL TAKE IT?

Y. YES! I'LL TAKE IT! I... I LIKE IT!

FLOYD PAID THE OLD MAN THE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND POCKETED THE MUMMIFIED PAW! THEN HE LEFT THE SHOP! SOON HE ARRIVED AT THE RUN-DOWN TENEMENT WHERE HE LIVED! ONCE IN HIS ROOM, HE FLUNG THE PAW ON THE BUREAU AND CURSED.

I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME! TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS FOR THAT HORRIBLE THING! WHY DID I DO IT? I WISH I HADN'T BOUGHT IT.

FLOYD UNDRESSED, TURNED OUT THE LIGHT AND WENT TO BED! DURING THE NIGHT HE WAS AWAKENED BY A SCRATCHING SOUND... BUT, THINKING IT WAS A CAT, TURNED OVER AND FELL BACK TO SLEEP! THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE AWOKE...

WHAT THE ? THE GORILLA PAW!
IT'S COVERED BY SOMETHING!
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE... MONEY!

FLOYD RUSHED TO THE BUREAU, LIFTED THE CRISP BILLS FROM THE HAIRY PAW AND COUNTED THEM...

THERE'S... TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS HERE!

FLOYD STARED AT THE MONEY AND THEN AT THE MUMMIFIED LIMB! HE SCRATCHED HIS HEAD...

CRIPES! I DIDN'T PUT THIS DOUGH HERE! I WONDER WHERE

LATER THAT DAY, FLOYD MET HIS TWO BEST FRIENDS OUTSIDE THEIR FAVORITE HANGOUT. THE POOL-ROOM! FLOYD DIDN'T MENTION A WORD ABOUT HIS LATEST PURCHASE FOR FEAR OF BEING RIPPED...

HEY, EDDIE! I'M HUNGRY! NOW 'BOUT YOU, FLOYD?

NAN! NOT ME, JOE!

ME NEITHER JOE!

JOE, FLOYD'S HUNGRY FRIEND, SPIED AN UMBRELLA-COVERED PUSH-CART APPROACHING...

OH, BOY! LOOK! HOT-DOGS! I'M GONNA GET ME A COUPLE!

NOT FROM THAT GUY, JOE! THAT'S JUNK HE SELLS! YOU'LL GET SICK!

BUT JOE DIDN'T HEED FLOYD'S WARNING! WHEN HIS HUNGER HAD SUBSIDED, HE HAD DEVoured FOUR HOT-DOGS OF QUESTIONABLE QUALITY FROM THE PUSH-CART. SOON, HOWEVER...

OOOOOH! I DON'T FEEL SO HOT! THEM 'DOGS' DIDN'T AGREE WITH ME! MY STOMACH...

YOU SEE? YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME! I TOLD YOU THEY WERE JUNK! I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE A STOMACH! THEN YOU WOULDN'T BE HUNGRY ALL THE TIME...

LATER THAT NIGHT, FLOYD RETURNED TO HIS ROOM. HE LOOKED ABOUT. SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. THEN HE REALIZED WHAT IT WAS...



FLOYD UNDRESSED AND GOT INTO BED... THERE CERTAINLY ARE SOME STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING AROUND HERE! FIRST, I GET MY TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS BACK, THEN, THE PAW'S STOLEN! AW! WHAT DO I CARE? I DIDN'T LIKE THE UGLY THING ANYWAY!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN FLOYD AWOKE... WELL, I'LL BE THAT BLASTED GORILLA PAW IS BACK ON THE BUREAU!



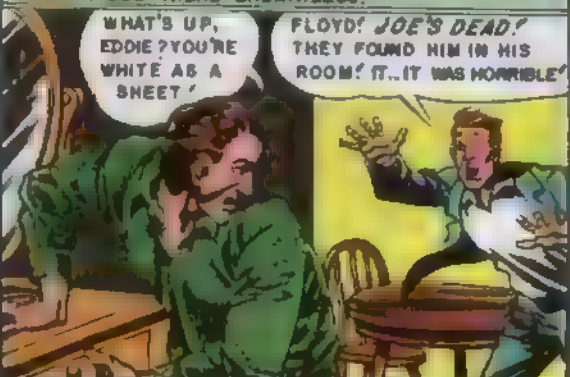
FLOYD PICKED UP THE MUMMIFIED LIMB AND TURNED IT OVER AND OVER, EXAMINING IT...

WHOEVER SWIPED THIS THING GOT IT ALL DIRTY! IT'S COVERED WITH MUDDY STAINS! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH...

FLOYD! OPEN UP! QUICK! IT'S EDDIE!



FLOYD SLIPPED THE STAINED PAW INTO THE TOP DRAWER OF THE BUREAU AND OPENED THE DOOR! EDDIE STOOD THERE BREATHLESS.



WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, EDDIE? TELL ME!

I SEEN HIM! IT WAS LIKE HE WAS ATTACKED BY AN ANIMAL! HIS BELLY WAS RIPPED OPEN, AND... HIS GUTS...



FREDDY SUDDENLY COUGHED AND HURRIED INTO THE LAVATORY! FLOYD TURNED TOWARD THE BUREAU. HIS EYES WIDE WITH HORROR! HE OPENED THE TOP DRAWER AND STARED AT THE STAINED GORILLA PAW...

FLOYD! YOU... YOU REMEMBER YESTERDAY WHEN I WISHED JOE DIDN'T HAVE A STOMACH... SO HE WOULDN'T BE HUNGRY ANY MORE?



THAT NIGHT, FLOYD PUT THE MUMMIFIED GORILLA PAW IN HIS POCKET AND WENT DOWNTOWN TO THE CURIO SHOP! WHEN HE ENTERED, A DARK, TALL MAN GREETED HIM.

YES, SIR? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU THIS EVENING?

WHERE...WHERE'S THE OLD MAN? I WANT TO SEE HIM!



THE TALL DARK ONE'S FACE FELL! HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY

YOU MEAN THE MAN WHO USED TO OWN THIS SHOP? HE HE'S DEAD! CHOKED TO DEATH! TWO NIGHTS AGO! SOME PETTY THIEF MURDERED HIM. FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

DID YOU SAY... MURDERED... FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS?



FLOYD WAS TREMBLING AS HE LEFT THE CURIO SHOP! HE MOVED DOWN THE DESERTED STREET, MUSING TO HIMSELF.

THOSE STAINS. ON THE GORILLA PAW! THEY'RE... BLOOD-STAINS! JOE'S BLOOD! THE THING IS...

DON'T MOVE, BUDDY! THIS IS A GUN IN MY HAND!



I...I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BUCKS ON ME, MISTER! YOU CAN HAVE 'EM, ONLY DON'T SHOOT!

HAND OVER THAT WRIST WATCH YOU'RE WEARING! THAT LOOKS LIKE IT'S WORTH SOMETHING!



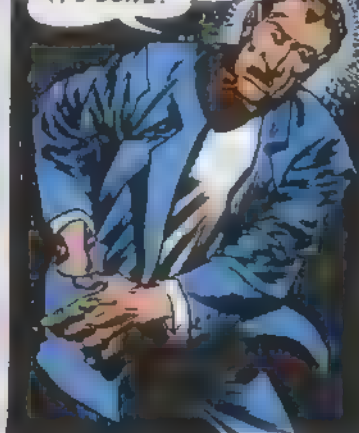
THE HOLD-UP MAN SNATCHED FLOYD'S WATCH AND THE MONEY, AND FLED.

BLAST IT! I DON'T MIND THE DOUGH, BUT I WISH HE HADN'T TAKEN MY WATCH! I... GOOD LORD!



FLOYD REACHED INTO HIS POCKET

THE GORILLA PAW! IT'S GONE!



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN FLOYD AWOK, THE GORILLA PAW LAY ON ITS USUAL PLACE ON THE BUREAU! AND BESIDE THE STIFF HAIRY LIMB WAS...

THE WATCH! IT BROUGHT BACK MY WATCH! AND IT...IT'S COVERED WITH BLOOD!



FLOYD STARED AT THE MUMMIFIED LIMB

IT... IT *MUST BE!* THE PAW DOES WHATEVER I *WISH!* I REMEMBER NOW! I WISHED I HADN'T BOUGHT THE UGLY THING SO IT BROUGHT BACK THE *TWENTY-FIVE DUCKS* I SPENT ON IT



THEN POOR JOE! AND LAST NIGHT, I... WISHED THE CROOK HADN'T STOLEN MY WATCH! NOW THE WATCH IS BACK! THE PAW! IT'S ALIVE! IT ANSWERS MY WISHES!

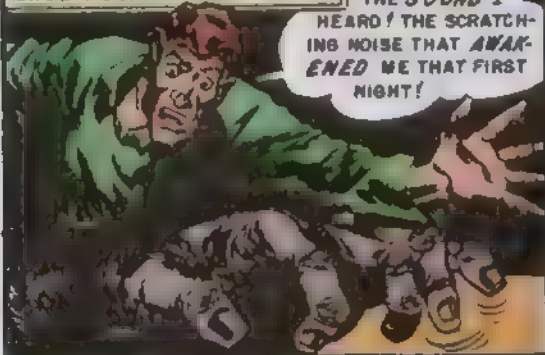


I'VE GOT TO TEST IT... TO SEE! LEMME THINK! I WISH, I WISH THAT RADIO WAS TURNED ON... THAT'S WHAT I WISH!



SUDDENLY, AS FLOYD WATCHED, THE MUMMIFIED BORILLA PAW GREW LIMP! A FINGER TWITCHED THEN ANOTHER! IT BEGAN TO MOVE SLOWLY, PAINFULLY TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE BUREAU! AS IT SLID ALONG, CRAWLING BY USE OF ITS WRINKLED FINGERS, IT MADE A SCRATCHING SOUND

THE SOUND I HEARD! THE SCRATCHING NOISE THAT AWAKENED ME THAT FIRST NIGHT!



THE PAW SLIPPED OFF THE EDGE OF THE BUREAU AND FELL TO THE FLOOR! THEN IT BEGAN TO MOVE, DRAGGING ITSELF ALONG, TOWARD THE TABLE WITH THE RADIO ON IT! FLOYD STARED AT THE CRAWLING THING, HORRIFIED! SUDDENLY HE COULDN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! HE SCREAMED AT IT

STOP! I WISH YOU TO STOP



THE HAND CONTINUED ON TO THE TABLE LEG! IT BEGAN TO CLIMB UP, AWKWARDLY! FINALLY IT REACHED THE TABLE TOP

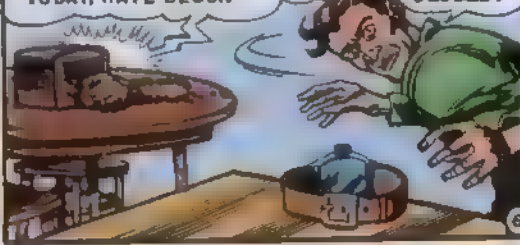
STOP, I SAID! I WISH YOU TO STOP! OH, LORD! IT WON'T LISTEN TO ME! IT'S DOING WHAT I FIRST WISHED!



THE RADIO BLARED ON! THE HAND STIFFENED! THEN FLOYD REALIZED THAT A NEWS BROADCAST WAS IN PROGRESS! THE NEWSCASTER'S VOICE FROZE FLOYD'S BLOOD

A SMALL-TIME HOLD-UP MAN WAS FOUND THIS MORNING IN AN ALLEY-WAY! HIS HAND HAD BEEN SAVAGELY RIPPED OFF AT THE WRIST! THE CORONER'S REPORT SAYS THE HOODLUM DIED OF FRIGHT NOT LOSS OF BLOOD! POLICE, TODAY, HAVE BEGUN

MY WATCH! THE BAND IS STILL BUCKLED CLOSED!



FLOYD RUSHED TO THE PHONE!
HE DIALED THE POOLROOM...

LEMME SPEAK TO EDDIE!
QUICK! HELLO... EDDIE? THIS
IS FLOYD! LISTEN... AND
LISTEN CAREFULLY...



FLOYD TOLD EDDIE THE WHOLE
STORY...

...AND THE PAW DOES WHAT-
EVER I WISH! WHAT SHOULD
I DO, ED? SHOULD I TELL
THE COPS? WHAT?

DON'T BE A FOOL,
FLOYD! IF IT'S TRUE...
YOU'RE SET!



WHY YOU COULD
WISH FOR DOUGH...
PLENTY OF
DOUGH! TEN
GRAND! YOU
CAN BE RICH!
YOU'D BE CRAZY
TO GO TO THE
COPS!

GEE! YOU'RE
RIGHT,
EDDIE! I
NEVER
THOUGHT
OF THAT!
I'M A DOPE!
I WISH I
HAD YOUR
BRAINS!



FLOYD HUNG UP AND TURNED TO THE PAW...

GOOD GOD! IT'S GONE AGAIN!
WHERE? WHY?



THAT NIGHT, AS FLOYD CURSED HIMSELF FOR
LOSING THE PAW, A SCRATCHING SOUND CAME
FROM HIS DOOR! HE FLUNG IT OPEN...

IT'S THE GORILLA PAW! IT'S DRAGGING
A SACK! WHAT IN THE WORLD
COULD IT BE?



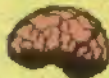
FLOYD BENT AND OPENED THE SACK! HE PEERED
IN! A VIOLENT NAUSEA SWEEPED OVER HIM...

UGH! IT...IT LOOKS LIKE...
BRAINS!

AAAAAAAH!



SUDDENLY, FLOYD
FELT THE GORILLA
PAW SPRING TO
HIS BACK... AND
WORK ITS WAY UP
TO HIS NECK! THE
LAST THING FLOYD
REMEMBERED BE-
FORE EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK, WAS
THE EXCRUCIAT-
ING PAIN IN HIS
HEAD... AS THOUGH
HIS SKULL WERE
BEING CRUSHED...



THE
END

HEH, HEH! YEP! FLOYD GOT HIS
LAST WISH, TOO! HE DID END
UP WITH EDDIE'S BRAINS! NOT
THAT THEY COULD DO HIM MUCH
GOOD! WELL, IT JUST SHOWS
YOU! YOU SHOULDN'T BLOW YOUR
TOP OVER A GOOD THING! ON, BY
THE WAY! KEEP AN EYE
OUT FOR THAT GORILLA
PAW! WHEN YOU FIND
IT, YOU'LL WISH YOU
HADN'T! AND DON'T
FORGET TO ORDER YOUR
BACK ISSUES! THE
OLD WITCH'S NICHE
HAS ALL THE INFO! 'BYE
NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE
YOU NEXT IN MY MAG,
TALES FROM THE
CRYPT!



**YOU SAY YOU
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?**



YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN **HAVE** A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD...



SUBSCRIBE!



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- | | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> CRYPT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD SCIENCE | <input type="checkbox"/> SHOCK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VAULT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> CRIME |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HAUNT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD Sci-Fan | <input type="checkbox"/> TWO-FISTED |

NAME & ADDRESS:

REMIT \$8 EACH (\$12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
LOSE YOUR SCISSORS? USE YOUR OWN PAPER!

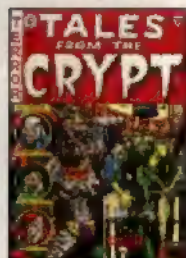
PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6% SALES TAX

ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

YET MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF EC REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 84 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR, THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

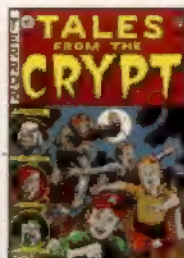
RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! **EVERY ISSUE** IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR EC COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!



GLAD CRYPT #1



GLAD CRYPT #2



GLAD CRYPT #3



GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6



GLAD VAULT #1



GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



GLAD VAULT #4



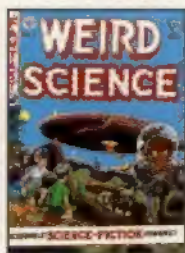
GLAD VAULT #5



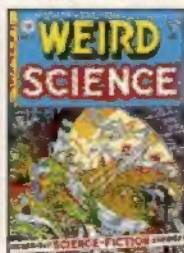
GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



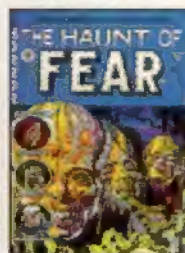
GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



GLAD HAUNT #1



GLAD HAUNT #2

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT

#1: CRYPT 33 (1952)
CRIME 17 (1953)

#2: CRYPT 35 (1953)
CRIME 19 (1951)

#3: CRYPT 39 (1953)
CRIME 1 (1950)

#4: CRYPT 18 (1950)
CRIME 16 (1953)

#5: CRYPT 45 (1954)
CRIME 5 (1951)

#6: CRYPT 42 (1954)
CRIME 27 (1955)

GLAD VAULT

#1: VAULT 34 (1953)
HAUNT 1 (1950)

#2: VAULT 27 (1952)
HAUNT 18 (1953)

#3: HAUNT 22 (1953)
VAULT 13 (1950)

#4: VAULT 23 (1952)
HAUNT 13 (1952)

#5: VAULT 19 (1951)
W FAN 8 (1951)

#6: VAULT 32 (1953)
W FAN 6 (1951)

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE

#1: W SCI 22 (1953)
W FAN 1 (1950)

#2: W SCI 18 (1953)
W FAN 17 (1950)

#3: W SCI 9 (1951)
W FAN 14 (1950)

#4: W S-F 27 (1955)
W FAN 11 (1952)

GLAD HAUNT

#1: HAUNT 17 (1952)
W S-F 28 (1955)

#2: HAUNT 5 (1950)
W S-F 29 (1955)

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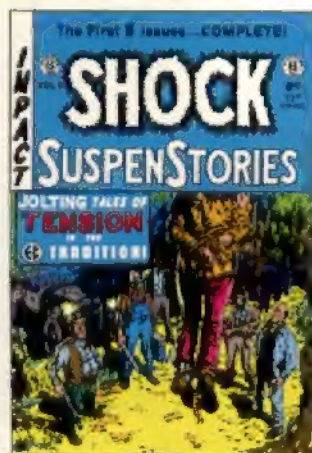
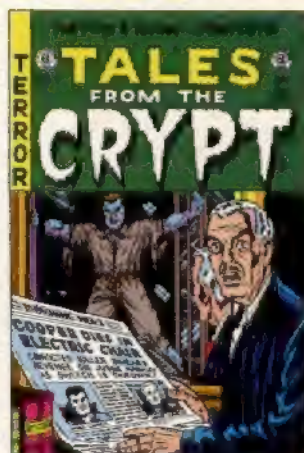
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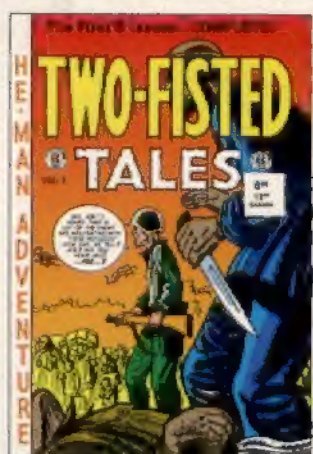
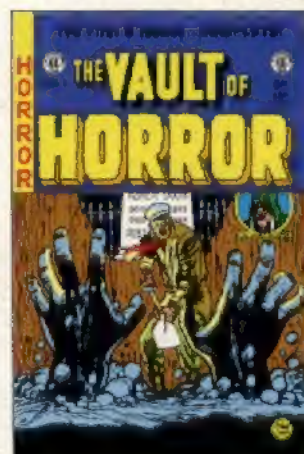
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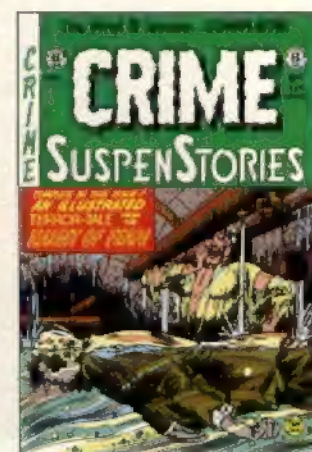
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